

THE Tragedie of King Ri- chard the second.

As it hath beene publikey acted by the Right Ho-
nourable the Lord Chamberlaine his
seruants.

By William Shake-speare.



L O N D O N

Printed by Valentine Simmes, for Andrew Wise, and
are to be solde at his shop in Paules churchyard, at
the signe of the Angel.

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THE
LONDON
AND
WINDSOR
PAPER
MILL

LONDON
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at the Angel, in the Strand.
1798.



Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gant,
with other Nobles and
Attendants.

King Richard.



Lde Iohn of Gaunt time honored Lancaster,
Hast thou according to thy othe and bande
Brought hither Henry Herford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boistrous late appeale
Which then our leifure would not let vs heare
Against the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I haue my Leige.

King. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good subiect should
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him?

Gaunt. As neare as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparant danger scene in him,
Aimde at your Highnesse, no inuete ate malice.

King. Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow our selues will heare,
The accuser and the accused freely speake:
Hie stomackt are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the sea, halstie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bulling. Many yeares of happy daies befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege:

A 2

Mow.

The Tragedie of

Mowb. Each day still better others happinesse,
Vntill the heauens enuying earths good happe,
Adde in immortall title to your Crowne.

King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cause you come,
Namely to appeale each other of high treason:
Coosin of Hereford what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray.

Bul. First, heauen be the record to my speech,
In the deuotion of a subiects loue,
Tendering the precious safetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellat to this princely presence.
Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake
My body shall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine soule answer it in heauen:
Thou art a traitour and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to liue,
Since the more faire and cristall is the skie,
The vglie seeme the cloudes that in it flie.
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,
With a foule traitours name stuffe I thy throat,
And wish (so please my Soueraigne,) ere I moue,
What my tong speakes, my right drawne sword may proue.

Mow. Let not my colde words here accuse my zeale,
Tis not the trial of a womans war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine:
The bloud is hotte that must be coold for this,
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be husht and naught at all to say.
First the faire reuerence of your highnesse curbes me,
From giuing reines and spurs to my free speech,
Which else would post vntill it had returnd,
These tearmes of treason doubled downe his throat:
Setting aside his high blouds royaltie,
And let him be no kinsman to my Leige,

King Richard the second.

I do defie him, and spit at him,
 Call him a slaunderous coward and a villaine:
 Which to maintaine, I would allow him ods,
 And meete him, were I tide to runne a foote,
 Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
 Or any other ground inhabitable,
 Where euer English man durst set his foote.
 Meane time let this defend my loyaltie,
 By all my hopes most falsly doth he lie.

Bnl. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
 Disclaiming heere the kinred of a King,
 And lay aside my high blouds royaltie,
 Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except,
 If guiltie dread haue left thee so much strength,
 As to take vp mine honours pawne, then stowpe:
 By that, and all the rites of Knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
 What I haue spoke, or what thou canst deuise.

Mow. I take it vp, and by that sword I sweare,
 Which gently laide my Knighthood on my shoulder,
 Ile answer thee in any faire degree:
 Or chiuallrous designe of knightly triall,
 And when I mount, aloue may I not light,
 If I be traitour or vniustly fight.

King. What doth our Cousin lay to Mowbraies charge:
 It must be great that can inherite vs,
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bnl. Looke what I said, my life shall prooue it true,
 That Mowbray hath receiued eight thousand nobles,
 In name of lendings for your highnesse souldiours,
 The which he hath detaine for lewd imployments,
 Like a false traitour and iniurious villaine.
 Besides I say, and will in battaile prooue,
 Or here, or else where to the furthest Verge
 That euer was surueyed by English eie,
 That all the treasons for these eightene yeares,
 Complotted and contriued in this land:
 Fetcht from false Mowbray their first head and spring:

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Further I say, and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plote the Duke of Glocesters death,
Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
And consequently like a traitour coward,
Slurte out his innocent soule through streames of blood,
Which blood, like sacrificing Abels cries,
Euen from the tonguelesse Cauerns of the earth,
To me for iustice and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my discent,
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares,
Thomas of Norfolk what saist thou to this?

Mowb. Oh let my soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue tolde this slaunder of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foule a lier.

King. Mowbray impartiall are our eies and eares,
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdomes heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers sonne,
Now by scepters awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour neerenes to our sacred blood
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpright soule,
He is our subiect Mowbray, so art thou,
Free speech and fearelesse I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then Bullingbrooke as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat thou liest,
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his highnesse Souldiours,
The other part reserued I by consent,
For that my soueraigne liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deare account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death.
I slew him not, but to mine owne disgrace
Neglected my sworne dutie in that case:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,

The

King Richard the second.

The honourable father to my foe,
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
 A trespassse that doth vexe my greued soules:
 Ah but ere I last receiue the sacrament,
 I did confesse it, and exactly begd
 Your graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
 This is my fault, as for the rest appeald
 It issues from the rancour of a villaine,
 A recreant and most degenerate traitour,
 Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
 And interchangeably hurle downe the gage,
 Vpon this ouerweening traitours foote,
 To prooue my selfe a loyall Gentleman,
 Euen in the best blood chamberd in his bosome,
 In haste whereof most hartily I pray
 Your highnesse to assigne our triall day.

King. Wrath kindled gentleman, be ruled by me,
 Lets purge this choler without letting blood,
 This we prescribe, though no Phisition,
 Deepe malice makes too deepe incision,
 Forget, forgiue, conclude, and be agreed,
 Our Doctors say, this is no month to bleed:
 Good Vnckle, let this end where it begunne,
 Weele calme the Duke of Norfolke, you your sonne.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age,
 Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.

King. And Norfolke throw downe his.

Gaunt. When Harry, when? obedience bids,
 Obedience bids I should not bid againe.

King. Norfolke throw downe we bid, there is no boote.

Mow. My selfe I throw (dread soueraigne) at thy foote,
 My life thou shalt commaund, but not my shame,
 The one my dutie owes, but my faire name
 Despight of death that liues vpon my graue,
 To dark honours vse thou shalt not haue:
 I am disgraste, impeacht, and baffuld heere,
 Pierst to the soule with Slaunders venomd speare,
 The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood

Which

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Which breathde this poyson.

King. Rage must be withstood,
Giue me his gage, Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change his spots, take but my shame,
And I resigne my gage my deare deare Lord.

The purest treasure mortall times affoord,
Is spotlesse reputation, that away,
Men are but guilded loame, or painted clay:

A jewell in a tenne times bard vp chiest,
Is a bolde spirit in a loyall breast.

Mine honour is my life, both grow in one,
Take honour from me, and my life is done.

Then (deare my Liege) mine honour let me try,
In that I liue, and for that will I dy.

King. Cousin throw vp your gage, do you beginne.

Bul. O God defend my soule from such deepe sinne,
Shall I seeme Crest-fallen in my fathers sight?
Or with pale begger-face impeach my hight,
Before this out-darde dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parlee, my teeth shall teare,
The slavish motiue of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, euen in Mowbraies face.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to commaund,
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be readie as your life shall answer it,
At Couentry vpon Saint Lambards day:
There shall your swords and launces arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate,
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
Iustice designe the Victors chiuallrie.
Lord Marshall, commaund our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct these home allarmes.

Exit

Enter Iohn of Gaunt, with the Duchesse of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas the part I had in Woodstocks bloud,
Doth more sollicite me then your exclames,

To

King Richard the second.

To stirre against the butchers of his life.
 But since correction lieth in those hands,
 Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
 Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen,
 Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,
 Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Duchesse Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?
 Hath loue in thy olde blood no liuing fire?
 Edwards seuen sonnes, whercof thy selfe art one,
 Were as seuen viols of his sacred blood,
 Or seuen faire branches springing from one roote:
 Some of those seuen are dried by natures course,
 Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
 But *Thomas* my deere Lord, my life my Gloucester,
 One violl full of Edwards sacred blood,
 One flourishing branch of his most royall roote
 Is crackt, and all the precious liquor spilt,
 Is hackt downe, and his summer leaues all faded
 By enuies hand, and murders bloudie axe.
 Ah Gaunt, his blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
 That mettall, that selfe mould, that fashioned thee
 Made him a man: and though thou liuest and breathest,
 Yet art thou slaine in him, thou dost consent
 In some large measure to thy fathers death,
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the modell of thy fathers life,
 Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is dispaire,
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtred,
 Thou shewest the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching sterne Murder how to butcher thee:
 That which in meane men we intitle Patience.
 Is pale colde Cowardice in noble breasts.
 What shall I say? to safegard thy owne life,
 The best way is to venge my Gloucesters death.
Gaunt Gods is the quarrell, for Gods substitute,
 His deputie annointed in his sight,
 Hath cauld his death, the which if wrongfully,
 Let heauen reuenge, for I may neuer lift

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The Tragedie of

An angrie arme against his minister.

Duch. Where then alas may I complaine my selfe?

Gaunt. To God the widdowes Champion and defence.

Duch. Why then I will, farewell olde Gaunt,

Thou goest to Couentry, there to beholde

Our Coosin Herford and fell Mowbray fight.

O set my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,

That it may enter butcher Mowbraies breast.

Or if misfortune misse the first carriere,

Be Mowbraies sinnes so heauie in his bosome,

That they may breake his foming coursers backe,

And throw the rider headlong in the lists,

A caitiue recreant to my Coosin Herford.

Farewell olde Gaunt, thy sometimes brothers wife,

With her companion griefe must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister-farewell, I must to Couentries:

As much good stay with thee, as go with me.

Duch. Yet one word more, griefe boundeth where it falles,

Not with the emptie hollownesse, but weight:

I take my leaue before I haue begunne,

For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done:

Commend me to my brother Edmund Yorke,

Lo this is all: nay yet depart not so,

Though this be all, do not so quickly goe.

I shall remember more: Bid him, ah what?

With all good speede at Plashie visit me.

Alacke and what shall good olde Yorke there see;

But emptie lodgings and vnfurnisht walles,

Vnpeopled offices, vntrodden stones,

And what heare there for welcome but my grones?

Therefore commend me, let him not come there,

To seeke out sorrow that dwels euerie where,

Desolate, desolate will I hence and die:

The last leaue of thee takes my weeping eye.

Exeunt.

Enter the Lord Marshall and the Duke Aumerle.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Herford armed?

Aum. Yea at all pointes, and longs to enter in.

Mar.

King Richard the second.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke sprightly and bold,
Staies but the summons of the appellants trumpet.

Ann. Why then the Champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Maieslies approach.

*The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his nobles : when
they are set, enter the Duke of Norfolke in armes defendant.*

King. Marshall demaund of yonder Champion,
The cause of his ariuall here in armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceede
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause.

Mar. In Gods name and the Kings, say who thou art,
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in armes?
Against what man thou comst, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thy oth,
As so defend thee heauen and thy valour.

Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, D. of Norfolke,
Who hither come ingaged by my oath,
(Which God defend a Knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyaltie and truth,
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Herford that appeales mee,
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To prooue him in defending of my selfe,
A traitour to my God, my King, and me:
And as I truly fight defend me heauen.

*The Trumpets sound, enter Duke of Herford
appellant in armour.*

King. Marshall aske yonder Knight in armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither
Thus plated in habillements of war,
And formally according to our law,
Depose him in the iustie of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore comst thou hither?
Before King Richard in his royall lists?
Against whome comes thou? and whats thy quarrell?
Speake like a true knight, so defend thee heauen.

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Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darbie
Am I, who readie here do stand in Armes,
"To prooue by Gods grace, and my bodies valour
In lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he is a traitour foule and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King Richard, and to me:
And as I truely fight, defend me heauen.

Mar. On paine of death no person be so bolde
Or daring, hardie, as to touch the lists,
Except the Martiall and such officers
Appointed to direct these faire designses.

Bul. Lord Martiall, let me kisse my Soueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maiestie,
For Mowbray and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage.
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
And louing farewell of our severall friends.

Mar. The appellant in all dutie greetes your highnesse,
And craues to kisse your hand and take his leaue.

King. We will descend and folde him in our armes.
Coofin of Herford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight:
Farewell my bloud, which if to day thou shead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.

Bul. O let no noble eie prophane a teare
For me, if I be gorie with Mowbrayes speares:
As confident as is the falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My louing Lord I take my leaue of you:
Of you (my noble coofin) Lord Aumarle,
Not sicke although I haue to do with death,
But lustie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe. as at English feasts so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweete.
Oh thou the earthly Author of my bloud,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two folde vigour lift me vp,
To reach a victorie about my head,

King Richard the second.

Adde prooffe vnto mine armour with thy prayers,
 And with thy blessings Steele my launces point,
 That it may enter Mowbrayes waxen coate,
 And furbish new the name of Iohn a Gaunt,
 Even in the lustie hauiour of his sonne.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous.
 Be swift like lightning in the execution,
 And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
 Fall like amazing thunder on the caske
 Of thy aduerse pernicious enemy,
 Rowse vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant and liue.

Bul. Mine innocence and Saint George to thrive.

Mow. How euer God or fortune cast my lotte,
 There lies or dies true to King Richards throne,
 A loyall iust and vpright Gentleman:
 Neuer did captiue with a freer heart
 Cast of his chaines of bondage, and embrace,
 His golden vncontroled enfranchisement,
 More then my dauncing soule doth celebrate
 This feast of battle with mine aduersarie.
 Most mightie Liege, and my companion Peeres,
 Take from my mouth the wish of happie yeares,
 As gentle and as iocund as to iest
 Go I to fight, truth hath a quiet brest.

King. Farewell (my Lord) securely I espie,
 Vertue with valour couched in thine eie,
 Order the triall Martiall, and beginne.

Mart. Harrie of Herforde, Lancaster, and Darby,
 Receiue thy launce, and God defend thy right.

Bul. Strong as a tower in hope I cry, Amen.

Mart. Go beare this launce to Thomas D. of Norfolk.

Herald. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darby,
 Stands heere, for God, his soueraigne, and himselfe,
 On paine to be found false and recreant,
 To proue the Duke of Norfolk Thomas Mowbray,
 A traitour to his God, his King, and him,
 And dares him to set forwards to the fight.

Herald. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray D. of Norfolk,

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On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approue
Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darby,
To God, his soueraigne, and to him disloyall,
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signall to beginne.

Mart. Sound trumpets, and set forth Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his warder downe.

King. Let them lay by their helmets, and their speares,
And both returne backe to their chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the trumpets sound,
While we returne these Dukes what we decree.
Draw neere and list

What with our counsell we haue done.
For that our kingdomes earth should not be soild
With that deere bloud which it hath fostered:
And for our eies do hate the dire aspect
Of ciuill wounds plowd vp with neighbours sword:
And for we thinke the Eagle-winged pride
Of skie-aspiring and ambitious thoughts
With riual-hating enuy set on you,
To wake our peace, which in our countries cradle
Drawes the sweete infant breath of gentle sleepe,
Which so rouzd vp with boisterous vtunde drummes,
With harsh resounding trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shock of wrathfull yron armes,
Might from our quiet confines fright faire Peace,
And make vs wade even in our kinreds bloud.

Therefore we banish you our territories:
You Cousin Herford vpon paine of life,
Till twice five summers haue enricht our field
Shall not regreete our faire dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Bul. Your will be done; this must my comfort be,
That Sunne that warmes you heere, shall shine on me,
And those his golden beames vnto you heere lent
Shall point on me, and guild my banishment.

King. Norfolke, for thee remains a heauier doome,
Which

King Richard the second.

Which I with some vnwillingnes pronounce,
 The slow houres shall not determinate
 The datelesse limite of thy deere exile:
 The hopelesse word of neuer to returne,
 Breathe I against thee, vpon paine of life.

Mowb. A heauie sentence, my most soueraigne Liege,
 And all vnlookt for from your Highnes mouth.
 A deerer merit, not so deepe a maime,
 As to be cast forth in the common ayre,
 Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands:
 The language I haue leard these fortie yeares,
 My native English now I must forgo,
 And now my tongues vse is to me no more
 Than an vnstringed violl or a harpe,
 Or like a cunning instrument casde vp,
 Or being open, put into his hands
 That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
 Within my mouth you haue ingayld my tongue,
 Doubly portcullist with my teeth and lippes,
 And dull vnfeeling barren ignorance
 Is made my iayler to attend on me:
 I am too olde to fawne vpon a nurse,
 Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now.
 What is thy sentence but speechlesse death,
 Which robbes my tongue from breathing native breath?

King. It bootes thee not to be compassionate,
 After our sentence playning comes too late,

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light,
 To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.

King. Returne againe and take an oth with thee,
 Lay on our royall sword your banisht hands.
 Swear by the dutie that y'owe to God
 (Our part therein we banish with your selues,)
 To keepe the oath that we administer:
 You neuer shall, so helpe you truth and God,
 Embrace each others loue in banishment,
 Nor neuer looke vpon each others face,
 Nor neuer write, regreete, nor reconcile.

This

The Tragedie of

This louing tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor neuer by aduised purpose meere,
To plotte, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainst vs, our state, our subiects, or our land.

Bul. I sweare.

Mow. and I, to keepe all this.

Bul. Norfolke, so fare as to mineemie,
By this time, had the King permitted vs,
One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,
Banisht this fraile sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banisht from this land.
Confesse thy treasons ere thou fly the realme,
Since thou hast far to go, beare not along
The cloging burthen of a guiltie soule.

Mow. No Bullinbrooke, if ever I were traitour,
My name be blotted from the booke of life,
And I from heauen banisht as from hence:
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,
And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rewe:
Farewell (my Leige) now no way can I stray,
Sate back to England all the world's my way.

King. Vncle, euen in the glasses of thine eies,
I see thy griued heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banisht yeeres
Pluckt foure away, six frozen winters spent,
Returne with welcome home from banishment.

Bull. How long a time lies in one little word?
Foure lagging winters, and foure wanton springs,
End in a word, such is the breath of Kings.

Cannt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me,
He shortens foure yeares of my sonnes exile,
But little vantage shall I reape thereby:
For ere the six yeares that he hath to spend
Can change their moones, and bring their times about,
My oile-dried lampe, and time bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endlesse nights:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfolde Death not let me see my sonne.

King.

King Richard the second.

King. Why Vnckle, thou hast many yeeres to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute (*King*) that thou canst giue.
Shorten my daies thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow.

Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,
But stoppe no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.

King. Thy sonne is banisht with good aduise,
Whereto thy tongue, a party, verdict gaue,
Why at our iustice seemst thou then to lowre?

Gaunt. Things sweete to taste, proue in digestion sowre.
You vrge me as a iudge, but I had rather,
You would haue bid me argue like a father.
Oh had't beene a stranger, not my child,
To smoothe his fault I would haue beene more milde:
A partiall flaunder sought I to auoyde,
And in the sentence my owne life destroyde.

Alas, I lookt when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tongue,
Against my will to do my selfe this wrong.

King. Coosin farewell, and Vnckel bid him so,
Sixe yeeres we banish him and he shall go.

An. Coosin farewell, what presence must not know,
From where you do remaine, let paper show.

Mar. My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride,
As far as land will let me by your side.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose doest thou hoard thy words,
That thou returnest no greeting to thy friends?

Bull. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy griefe is but thy absence for a time.

Bul. Ioy absent, griefe is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is sixe winters? they are quickly gone.

Bul. To men in ioy, but griefe makes one houre ten.

Gaunt. Call it a trauaile that thou takst for pleasure.

The Tragedie of

Bul. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which findes it an inforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The fullen passage of thy wearie steps,
Esteeme a soyle wherein thou art to set,
The precious jewell of thy home returne.

Bul. Nay rather euerie tedious stride I make,
Will but remember me what a deale of world
I wander from the jewels that I loue.

Must I not serue a long apprenticeship
To forren passages, and in the end,
Hauing my freedome, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grieve?

Gaunt. All places that the eie of heauen visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy hauens.

Teach thy necessitie to reason thus,
There is no vertue like necessitie:

Thinke not the King did banish thee,
But thou the King. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the King exile thee; or suppose
Deuouring pestilence hangs in our aire,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:

Looke what thy soule holds deere, imagine it
To ly that way thou goest, not whence thou comst.

Suppose the singing birds musitions,
The grasse whereon thou treadst, the presence strowde,

The flowres, faire Ladies, and thy steps, no more

Then a delightfull measure or a dance,
For gnarling sorrow hath lesse power to bite

The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,

By bare imagination of a feast?

Or wallow naked in December snow,

By thinking on fantastick summers heat?

Oh no, the apprehension of the good

King Richard the second.

Giues but the greater feeling to the worse:
 Fell sorrowes tooth doth neuer ranckle more
 Then when it bites, but lancheth not the soare.

Gaunt. Come come my sonne, Ile bring thee on thy way.
 Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Bul. Then Englands ground farewell, sweete soile adiew,
 My mother and my nurse that beares me yet.
 Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,
 Though banisht, yet a true borne Englishman. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King with Bushie, &c. at one doore, and the
 Lord Aumarle at the other.*

King. We did obserue. Cousin Aumarle,
 How farre brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Herford, if you call him so,
 But to the next high way, and there I left him

King. And say, what store of parting teares were shed?

Aum. Faith none for me, except the Northeast winde,
 Which then blew bitterly against our face,
 Awakt the sleepe rhowme, and so by chance
 Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

King. What said your cousin when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewell, & for my heart disdained that my tongue
 Should so prophane the word that taught me craft,
 To counterfaite oppression of such griefe,
 That words seemd buried in my sorrowes graue:
 Marry would the word Farewell haue lengthned houres,
 And added yeeres to his short banishment,
 He should haue had a volume of farewells:
 But since it would not, he had none of me.

King. He is our Coosens Cousin, but tis doubt,
 When time shall call him home from banishment,
 Whether our kinsman comes to see his friends.

Our selfe and Bushie,
 Obserued his courtship to the common people,
 How he did seeme to diue into their hearts,
 With humble and familiar curtesie,
 With reuerence he did throw away on slaues,

The Tragedie of

Wooing poore craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient vnderbearing of his fortune,
As twere to banish their affects with him,
Off goes his bonnet to an oysterwench,
A brace of draymen bid God speede him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks my countrey men, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuersion his,
And he our subiects next degree in hope.

Greene. Well, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts,
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient mannage must be made my liege,
Ere further leysure yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your highnesse losse.

King. We will our selfe in person to this war,
And for our coffers, with too great a court
And liberall larges are growne somewhat light,
We are inforst to farme our royall Realme,
The reuenue whereof shall furnish vs.
For our affaires in hand if that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall haue blanke charters,
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large summes of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants,
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushie with news.

Bush. Old Iohn of Gaunt is grievous sicke, my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath sent post haste,
To intreate your Maiestie to visit him.

King. Where lies he?

Bush. At Ely house!

King. Now put it (God) into the Phisitions mind,
To helpe him to his graue immediatly:

The lining of his coffers shall make coates,
To decke our Souldiours for these Irish wars.

Come Gentlemen, lets all go visit him,
Pray God we may make hast and come too late,

Amen.

Exeunt.

Enter

*King Richard the second.**Enter Iohn of Gaunt sicke, with the Duke of Yorke, &c.*

Gaunt. Will the King come that I may breathe my last,
In holsome counsell to his vnstaied youth?

Yorke. Vex not your selfe, nor strue not with your breath,
For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.

Gaunt. Oh, but they say, the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deepe harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldome spent in vaine,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in paine.
He that no more must say, is listened more
Then they whom youth and ease hath taught to glose.
More are mens ends markt then their liues before:
The setting Sunne, and musike at the glose,
As the last taste of sweetes is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long past.
Though Richard my liues counsell would not heare,
My deaths sad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.

Yorke. No, it is stopt with other flattering sounds,
As praises of his state: then there are found
Lasciuious Meeters, to whose venom sound
The open eare of youth doth alwaies listen.
Report of fashions in proude Italie,
Whose manners still our tardie apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanitie,
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buzd into his eares?
Then all too late comes counsell to be heard,
Where will doth mutinie with wits regard.
Direct not him whose way him selfe will choose,
Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose.

Gaunt. Me thinks I am a prophet new inspirde,
And thus expiring do foretell of him,
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last:
For violent fires soone burne out themselves,
Small shou'ers last long, but sodaine stormes are short:
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes.

The Tragedie of

With eager feeding foode doth choke the feedet,
Light vanitie, insatiate cormorant.
Consuming meanes soone prayes vpon it selfe:
This royall throne of Kings, this Sceptred Ile.
This earth of Maiestie, this seate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy Paradise,
This foretresse built by nature for her selfe,
Against infection and the hand of War,
This happie breede of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the siluer sea,
Which serues it in the office of a wall,
Or as moate defensiu to a house,
Against the enuie of lesse happier lands:
This blessed plotte, this earth, this realme, this England,
This nurse, this teeming wombe of royall Kings,
Feard by their breede, and famous by their birth,
Renowned in their deedes as far from home,
For christian service and true chivalrie,
As is the sepulchre in stubborne Iewry,
Of the worlds ransome, blessed Maries sonne:
This land of such deere soules, this deare deare land,
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now leasde out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farme.
England bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rockie shoare beates backe the enuious siege
Of waterie Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inkie blottes, and rotten parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquere others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe:
Ah would the scandall vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death?
Yorke. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For yong hot colts being rag'de, do rage the more.

Enter the King and Queene, &c.

Queene. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?

King. What comfort man? how ist with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt

King Richard the second

Gaunt. O how that name befits my composition,
 Old Gaunt indeede, and gaunt in being old,
 Within me griefe hath kept a tedious fast.
 And who abstaines from meate that is not gaunt?
 For sleeping England long time haue I watcht,
 Watching breeds leanenesse, leanenesse is all gaunt:
 The pleasure that some fathers feede vpon,
 Is my strict fast, I meane my childrens lookes,
 And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
 Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
 Whose hollow wombe inherites nought but bones.

King. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, miserie makes sport to mocke it selfe.
 Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,
 O mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

King. Should dying men flatter those that liue?

Gaunt. No, no, men liuing flatter those that die.

King. Thou now a dying sayst thou flatterest me.

Gaunt. Oh no, thou diest though I the sicker be.

King. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill,
 Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,
 Thy death-bed is no lesser then the land,
 VVherein thou liest in reputation sicke,
 And thou too carelesse patient as thou art,
 Commitst thy annoynted body to the cure
 Of those Phisitions, that first wounded thee:
 A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
 VVhose compasse is no bigger then thy head,
 And yet intraged in so small a verge,
 The waste is no whit lesser then thy land:
 Oh had thy Grandfire with a Prophers eye,
 Seene how his sonnes sonne should destroy his sonnes,
 From forth they reach he would haue laide thy shame,
 Deposing thee before thou wert posselt,
 VVhich art posselt now to depose thy selfe.
 Why Cousin wert thou regent of the world,
 It were a shame to let this land by lease:

[But

The Tragedie of

But for thy world enioying but this land,
Is it not more then shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now not, not King,
Thy state of law is bondslaue to the law,
And thou.

King. Ah lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Presuming on an agues priuiledge,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chasing the royall blood
With furie from his native residence.
Now by my seates right royall maiestie
Wert thou not brother to great Edwards sonne,
This tongue that runnes so roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.

Gaunt. Oh spare me not my brother Edwards sonne,
For that I was his father Edwards sonne.
That blood alreadie, like the Pellican,
Hast thou tapt and drunkenly carowst:
My brother Gloucester, plaine well meaning soule,
Whom faire befall in heauen mongst happy soules,
May be a president and witnes good:
That thou respectst not spilling Edwards blood.
Ioine with the present sicknes that I haue,
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower.
Liue in thy shame, but die not shame with thee:
These words hereafter, thy tormentors be,
Conuay me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue that loue and honour haue.

Exit.

King. And let them die that age and sullens haue,
For both hast thou, and both become the graue.

Yorke. I do beseech your Maiestie, impute his words
To wayward sicklines and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holdes you deere,
As Harry Duke of Herford, were he here.

King. Right, you say true, as Herfords loue, so his,
As theirs, so mine, and be as it is.

North.

King Richard the Second.

North. My Liege, olde Gaunt commends him to your Ma-
King. What sayes he? *(Iestie.)*

North. Nay nothing, all is said:
 His tongue is now a strangleesse instrument,
 Words, life, and all, olde Lancaster hath spent.

Yorke. Be Yorke the next that must be bankrout so,
 Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

King. The ripest fruit first falles, and so doth he,
 His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be;
 So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:
 We must supplant those rough rugheaded kernes,
 Which liue like venome, where no venome else,
 But onely they haue priuiledge to liue.
 And for these great affaires do aske some charge,
 Towards our assistance we do seaze to vs,
 The plate, coine, reuenues, and moueables
 Whereof our Vnckle Gaunt did stand possesse.

Yorke. How long shall I be patient? ah how long
 Shall tender dutie make me suffer wrong?
 Not Glocesters death, nor Herefords banishment,
 Nor Gaunts rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
 Nor the preuention of poore Bullingbrooke
 About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace,
 Haue euer made me sower my patient cheeke,
 Or bende one wrinkle on my soueraignes face:
 I am the last of the noble Edwards sonnes,
 Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was first.
 In warre was neuer Lion ragde more fierce,
 In peace was neuer gentle lambe more milde
 Then was that yong and princely gentleman:
 His face thou hast, for euen so lookt he,
 Accomplisht with a number of thy houres
 But when he frowned, it was against the French,
 And not against his friends: his noble hand
 Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
 Which his triumphant fathers hand had wonne:
 His hands were guiltie of no kinred bloud,
 But bloody with the enemies of his kinne.

D

Oh

The Tragedie of

Oh Richard! Yorke is too farre gone with griefe,
Or else he never would compare betweene.

King. Why Vnckle, whats the matter?

Yorke. Oh my liege, pardon me if you please,
If not, I pleas'd, not to be pardoned, am content with all:
Seeke you to seize and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banisht Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth nor Herford liue?
Was not Gaunt iust? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well deseruing sonne?
Take Herefords rights away, and take from time
His charters and his customarie rights;
Let not to morrow then ensue to day:
Be not thy selfe; For how art thou a King,
But by faire sequence and succession?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you doe wrongfully seize Herfords right,
Call in the Letters patents that he hath
By his attournies generall to sue
His liuery, and deny his offered homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well disposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts,
Which honour and alleageance cannot thinke.

King. Thinke what you will, we seize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money and his land.

Yorke. Ile not be by the while, my liege farewell,
What will insue hereof, there's none can tell:
But by bad courses may be vnderstood,
That their euents can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*

King. Go Bushie, to the Ea.le of Wiltshire straight;
Bid him repayre to vs to Ely house,
To see this businesse to morrow next
We will for Ireland, and t'is time I trow;
And we create in absence of our selfe,
Our Vnckle Yorke, Lord Governour of England;
For he is iust, and alwayes loued vs well:

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Come

King Richard the second.

Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Exeunt King and Queene. Manet North.

North. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Rosse. And living too, for now his sonne is Duke.

Willough. Barely in title, not in reuenues.

North. Richly in both, if iustice had her right.

Rosse. My heart is great, but it must breake with silence,
Er't be disburdened with a liberall tongue.

North. Nay speake thy mind, & let him ne're speake more
That speakes thy words againe to doe thee harme.

Willough. Tend's that thou wouldst speake to the D. of Her-
If it be so, out with it boldly man, (ford?)
Quicke is mine care to heare of good towards him.

Rosse. No good at all that I can doe for him:
Vnlesse you call it good to pittie him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now afore God t is shame, such wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince, and many mo
Of noble blood in this declining land;
The king is not himselfe, but basely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe,
Meerely in hate against any of vs all,
That will the King seuerely prosecute,
Against vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

Rosse. The commons hath he pild with grieuous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts. The Nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willough. And dayly new exactions are deuise,
As blanckes, benevolences, and I wot not what,
But what a Gods name doth become of this?

Willough. Wars hath not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yeelded vpon compromise,
That which his noble Aunccestors atchiude with blowes:
More hath he spent in peace then they in wars.

Rosse. The Earle of Wiltshire hath the Realme in farme.

Willough. The King's growne bankrout like a broken man.

The Tragedy of

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth ouer him.

Rosse. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banisht Duke.

North. His noble kinsman most degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoyde the storme,
We see the winde sit sore vpon our sailes,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Rosse. We see the verie wracke that we must suffer,
And enauoyded is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

North. Not so, euen through the hollow cies of death,
I espie life peering, but I dare not say,
How neare the tidings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts as thou dost ours.

Rosse. Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We three are but thy selfe; and speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

North. Then thus, I haue from le Port Blan
A bay in Brittainie receiue intelligence,
That Harry Duke of Herforde, Rainold L. Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
His brother Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir Iohn Ramston,
Sir Iohn Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, & Francis Coines,
All these well furnished by the Duke of Brittainie
With eighttall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northern shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland,
If then we shall shake off our countries slavish yoke,
Impe our our drowping countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broken pawne the blemisht Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides our seepters guilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in post to Rauenspurghe.

But

King Richard the second.

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.

Rosse. To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them that feare.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Enter the Queene, Busbie, and Bagot.

Busb. Madam, your maiestie is too much sadde,
You promist when you parted with the king,
To lay aside halfe-harming heauinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

Queene. To please the King I did, to please my selfe
I cannot doo it, yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as Griefe,
Saue bidding farewell to so sweete a guest,
As my sweete Richard: yet againe me thinkes
Some vnborne sorrow ripe in Fortunes wombe
Is comming towards me and my inward soule,
With nothing trembles, at something it grieues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Busb. Each substance of a griefe hath twentie shadowes,
Which shewes like griefe it selfe, but is not so:
For Sorrowes eyes glazed with blinding teares,
Diuides one thing entire to many obiects,
Like perspectiues, which rightly gazde vpon,
Shew nothing but confusion, eyde awry,
Distinguish forme: so your sweete maiestie,
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Find shapes of griefe more then himselfe to waile,
Which lookt on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not, then thrice (gracious Queene)
More then your Lords departure weep not, more is not seene,
Or if it be, tis with false sorrowes eyes,
Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.

Queene. It may be so, but yet my inward soule
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heauie sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauie nothing faint and shrinke.

The Tragedie of

Busbie Tis nothing but conceite (my gracious Lady.)

Queene Tis nothing lesse, conceit is still deriude
From some forefather Griefe, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something griefe,
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve,
Tis in reuerfion that I do possesse,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, tis namelesse wo I wot.

Greene God saue your Maiestie, and well met Gentlemen,
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.

Queene Why hopest thou so? tis better hope he is,
For his designs craue haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Greene That he our hope might haue retirde his power,
And driuen into despaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land,
The banisht Bullingbrooke repeales himselfe,
And with vplifted armes is safe ariude at Rauenspurgh.

Queene Now God in heauen forbid.

Greene Ah Madam tis too true, and that is worse:
The Lord Northumberland, his yong sonne H. Piercie,
The Lords of Rosse, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerfull friends are fled to him.

Busbie Why haue you not proclaimde Northumberland
And the rest of the revolted faction, traitours?

Greene We haue, whereupon the Earle of Worcester
Hath broke his staffe, resignd his stewardship,
And all the household seruants fled with him to Bullingbrook

Queene So Greene, thou art the midwife of my wo,
And Bullingbrooke, my sorrowes dismall heire,
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodigie,
And I a gasping new deliuerd mother,
Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioynd.

Busbie Dispaire not Madam.

Queene Who shall hinder me?
I will dispaire and be at enmity,
With coufening Hope, he is a flatterer,
Aparasite, a keeper backe of death,

Who

King Richard the second.

Who gently would dissolue the bands of life,
Which false Hope lingers in extremitie.

Greene Heere comes the Duke of Yorke,

Queene With signes of war about his aged necke,
Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes,
Vncle for Gods sake speake comfortable words.

Yorke Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts,
Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but crosses, care, and griefe.
Your husband he is gone to saue far off,
Whilst others come to make him loose at home:
Heere am I left to vnderprop his land,
Who weake with age cannot support my selfe.
Now comes the sicke houre that his surfet made,
Now shall he trie his friends that flattered him.

Seruingman My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.

Yorke He was, why so, go all which way it will:
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will (I feare) revolt on Herefords side.
Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sister Gloucester,
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,
Hold take my ring.

Seruingman My Lord, I had forgot to tell your Lordship,
To day I came by and called there,
But I shall grieue you to report the rest.

Yorke What i'th knaue?

Seruingman An houre before I came the Dutchesse died.

Yorke God for his mercy! w hat a tyde of woes
Comes rushing on this wofull land at once?
I know not what to do: I would to God
(So my vntruth had not prouokt him to it)
The King had cut of my head with my brothers.
What are there two posts dispatch for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come sister, coosin I would say, pray pardon me,
Go fellow, get thee home, prouide some Carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you go muster men?

If

The Tragedie of

If I know how or which way to order these affaires,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Neuer beleue me: both are my kinsmen;
T'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath
And dutie bids defend: t'other againe
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right,
Well, somewhat we must doe: come Cousin,
Ile dispose of you: Gentlemen, goe muster vp your men,
And meete me presently at Barckly:
I should to plashie too, but time will not permit:
All is vneuen, and every thing is left at fixe and fene.

Exeunt Duke, & Queene, marston, Bush, & Greenwood

Bush. The wind fits faire for newes to goe for Ireland,
But none returns. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemie, is all vnpossible.

Greene. Besides our neerenesse to the King in loue,
Is neere the hate of those loue not the King.

Bag. And that is the wauering Commons, for their loue
Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,
By so much fill: s their hearts with deadly hate.

Bush. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

Bag. If iudgement lie in them, then so doe wee,
Because we euer haue beene neere the King.

Greene. Well, I will for refuge straight to Brist. Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

Bush. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the harefull Commons performe for vs,
Except like cutts, to reare vs all in pieces;
Will you goe along with vs?

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maestie:
Farewell, if hearts presages bee not vaine,
We three here part, that nere shall meete againe.

Bush. Thats as Yorkethrines to beat backe Bullingbrook.

Greene. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie,
Farewell at once, for once, for all and euer.

Bush.

King Richard the second.

Bush. Well, we may meete againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer.

Enter Hereford: Northumberland.

Bull. How farre is it my Lord to Barckly now?

North. Belceue me noble Lord,
I am a stranger in Gloucestershire,
These high wild hills and rough vneuen wayes,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome,
And yet your faire discourse hath beene as sugar,
Making the hard way sweete and delectable,
But I bethinke me what a weary way,
From Rauenspurgh to Cotshall will be found,
In *Rosse* and *Willoughby* wanting your company,
Which I protest hath very much beguild
The tediousnesse and processe of my travell:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to haue
The present benefite that I possesse,
And hope to ioy is little lesse in ioy,
Then hope inioyed: by this the weary Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I haue, your noble companie.

Bull. Of much lesse value is my company,
Then your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Persie.

North. It is my sonne, yong Harry Persy,
Sent from my brother Worcester whence so euer:
Harry, how fares your Vnckle? (of you.

H. Per. I had thought my Lord to haue learned his health

North: Why? is he not with the Queene?

H. Per. No my good Lord, he hath forsooke the Court,
Broken his staffe of office, and disperst
The household of the King.

North. What was his reason? he was not so resolute,
When last we spake together.

H. Per. Because your Lordship was proclaimed traytours
But he my Lord is gone to Rauenspurgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me ouer by Barckly to discover,

E

What

The Tragedie of

What power the duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with directions to repaire to Rauenspurgh.

North. Haue you forgot the duke of *Hereford*, boy?

H. Per. No my good Lord, for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.

H. Per. My gracious Lord, I tender you my seruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and yong,
Which elder dayes shall ripen and confirme
To more approoued seruice and desert.

Bull. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be sure,
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a soule remembring my good friends:
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It shall be still thy true loues recompence,
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seales it.

North. How farre is it to *Barkley*, and what sturre
Keepes good old *Yorke* there with his men of warre?

H. Per. There stands the Castle by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard:
And in it are the Lordes of *Yorke*, *Barkeley*, and *Seymor*,
None else of name and noble estimate.

Nor. Here come the Lord's of *Rosse* and *Willoughby*,
Bloudy with spurring, fiery red with haste.

Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues
A banisht traitour: all my treasury
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more enrich,
Shall be your loue and labours recompence.

Rosse Your presence makes vs rich, most noble Lord.

Will. And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.

Bull. Euermore thanke's the Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes heere?

North. It is my Lord of *Barkeley*, as I guesse.

Barkeley. My Lord of *Hereford*, my message is to you.

Bull. My Lord, my answere is to *Lancaster*,
And I am come to seeke that name in *England*,

And

King Richard the second.

And I must finde that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Bark. Mistake me not my lord, it is not my meaning,
To race one title of your honour out:
To you my Lord I come, what Lord you will,
From the most glorious of this land,
The duke of *Yorke*, to know what pricketh you on,
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with selfe-borne armes?

Bull. I shall not neede transport my words by you,
Heere comes his Grace in person: My noble vnckle!

Yorke Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceiueable and false.

Bull. My gracious vnckle!

Yorke Tut, tut, grace me no grace, nor vnckle me no vnckle,
I am no traitors vnckle, and that word Grace
In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane:
Why haue those banisht and forbidden legs
Darde once to touch a dust of *Englands* ground?
But more than why? why haue they darde to march
So many miles vpon her peacefull bosome,
Friting her pale facde villages with warre,
And ostentation of despised armes?
Comst thou because th' annointed king is hence?
Why foolish boy, the king is left behinde,
And in my loyall bosome lies his power,
Were I but now Lord of such hote youth,
As when braue *Gaunt* thy father, and my selfe,
Rescued the blacke Prince that yong *Mars* of men,
From forth the ranckes of many thousands French,
O then how quickly should this arme of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsey chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Bull. My gracious vnckle, let me know my fault,
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

Yorke Euen in condition of the worst degree,
In grosse rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banisht man, and heere art come,

The Tragedie of

Before the expiration of thy time,
In brauing armes against my Soueraigne.

Bull. As I was banisht, I was banisht Hereford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaster,
And noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, or me thinks in you
I see old Gaunt alieue. Oh then father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away
To vpstart vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my Coosin King be King of England,
It must be graunted I am Duke of Lancaster:
You haue a sonne, Aumerle, my noble Coosin,
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should haue found his Vnckle Gaunt afa her,
To rowze his wrongs, and chase them to the Bay.
I am denied to sue my liuerie heere,
And yet my letters pattents giue me leaue.
My fathers goods are all distrain'd and sold,
And these, and all, are all amisse employed.
What would you haue me doe? I am a subiect,
And I challenge law, Attornies are denide me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble Duke hath beene too much abused.

Rosse. It stands your Grace vpon, to doe him right.

Willough. Bate men by his endowments are made great.

Torke. My Lords of England, let me tell you this:

I haue had feeling of my Coosins wrongs,
And laboured all I could to doe him right;
But in this kinde, to come in brauing armes;
Be his owne caruer, and cutte out his way;
To find out right with wrong; it may not be:
And you that doe abette him in this kinde,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all,

North. The noble Duke hath sworne, his comming is

But

King Richard the second.

But for his owne, and for the right of that,
 We all haue strongly sworne to giue him ayde:
 And let him ne're see ioy that breakes that oath.

Yorke Well, well, I see the issue of these armes,
 I cannot mend it, I must needes confesse,
 Because my power is weake and all ill left:
 But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
 I would attach you all, and make you stoope
 Vnto the soueraigne mercy of the King.
 But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
 I doe remaine as newter; so fare you well,
 Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,
 And there repose you for this night.

Bul. An offer ynckle that we will accept,
 But we must winne your Grace to goe with vs
 To *Bristow* Castle, which they say is held
 By *Bushy*, *Bagot*, and their complices,
 The caterpillers of the common-wealth,
 Which I haue sworne to weede and plucke away.

Yorke It may be I will goe with you, but yet Ile pawse,
 For I am loath to breake our Countries lawes:
 Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are,
 Things past redresse, are now with me past care.

Enter Earle of Salisbury, and a Welch Captaine.

Welch My Lord of Salisbury, we haue staide tenne dayes,
 And hardly kept our countrymen together,
 And yet we heare no tidings from the King,
 Therefore we will disperse our selues, farewell.

Salis. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welchman,
 The King reposes all his confidence in thee.

Welch Tis thought the King is dead, wee will not stay.
 The Bay trees in our Countrey all are witherd,
 And Meteors fright the fixed starres of heauen,
 The pale facde Moone looks bloody on the earth,
 And leane look't prophers whisper fearefull change,
 Rich men looke sadde, and ruffians daunce and leape,
 The one in feare to loose what they enioy,

The Tragedie of

The other to enioy by rage and war,
These signes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured Richard their King is dead,

Sal. Ah Richard! with eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.
Thy sunne sets, weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing stormes to come, woe, and vnrest:
Thy friendes are fled to waite vpon thy foes,
And crossely to thy good all fortune goes.

*Enter Duke of Hereford, Yorke, Northumberland,
Bushie and Greene prisoners.*

Bull. Bring forth these men.

Bushie and Greene, I will not vexe your soules,
Since presently your soules must part your bodies,
With too much vrging your pernicious liues,
For t were no charity; yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold some causes of your death,
You haue mis-led a Prince, a royall King,
A happy Gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigured cleane,
You haue in manner with your sinfull houres,
Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the possession of a royall bed,
And staynde the beutie of a sayre Queenes cheekes,
With teares drawne from her eyes with your foule wrongs,
My selfe a Prince by fortune of my birch,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
Till they did make him mis-interpret me,
Haue stoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in forren cloudes,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
While you haue fedde vpon my segniories,
Disparkt my parks, and felld my forrest woods,
From mine owne windowes torne my household coate,
Rac't out my imprefe, leauing me no signe,

Sauce

King Richard the second.

Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
 To shew the world I am a Gentleman.
 This and much more, much more then twice all this
 Condemns you to the death: see them deliuered ouer
 To execution and the hand of death.

Busbie More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
 Then Bullingbrooke to England, Lords farewell.

Greene My comfort is, that heauen will take our soules,
 And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.

Bull. My Lord Northumberland see them dispatch:
 Vnckle, you say, the Queene is at your house,
 For Gods sake fairely let her be intreated,
 Tell her, I send to her my kinde commends;
 Take speciall care my greetings be deliuered.

Torke A gentleman of mine I haue dispatcht,
 With letters of your loue to her at large.

Bull. Thanks (gentle Vnckle:) come Lords, away,
 To fight with Glendor and his complices,
 A while to worke, and after, holiday. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Aumerle, Carleil, &c.

King Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea my Lord, how brook's your Grace the ayre,
 After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?

King Needes must I like it well, I weepe for ioy,
 To stand vpon my kingdome once againe.
 Deare earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
 Though rebels wound thee with their horses hooves:
 As a long parted mother with her child,
 Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting;
 So weeping, smiling, greete I thee my earth,
 And do thee fauour with my royall hands;
 Feede not thy soueraignes foe, my gent'e earth,
 Nor with thy sweetes comfort his rauinous sence,
 But let thy spiders, that sucke vp thy venome,
 And heauy gated toads lie in their way,
 Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
 Which with vsurping steps doe trample thee:

Yeelde

The Tragedie of

Yeelde stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy bosome plucke a flower,
Guarde it I pray thee with a lurking Adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch,
Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes enemies:
Mocke not my senslesse coniuration Lords:
This earth shall haue a feeling, and these stones
Prooue armed souldiers ere her native King
Shall falter vnder foule rebellious armes.

Carls. Feare not my Lord, that powre that made you king,
Hath powre to keepe you king in spite of all,
The meanes that heavens yeeld must be imbrac't,
And not neglected. Else heaven would,
And we would not; heavens offer, we refuse
The proffred meanes of succours and redresse.

Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,
Whilst *Bullingbrooke*, through our security,
Growes strong and great in substance and in power.

King. Discomfortable coosin, knowst thou not,
That when the searching eie of heaven is hid
Behinde the globe that lights the lower world,
Then theeues and robbers range abroad vnscene,
In murders, and in outrage bloody heere.
But when from vnder his terrestriall ball,
He fires the prowde tops of the easterne pines,
And dartes his light through euery guilty hole:
Then murders, treasons, and detested sinnes,
The cloake of night being pluckt from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked trembling at themselves?
So when this thiefe, this traitour *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath reuel'd in the night
Whilst we were wandring with the Antipodes,
Shall see vs rising in our throane the East,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But selfe affrighted, trembled at his sinne,
Not all the water in the rough rude Sea,
Can wash the balme off from an annoynted King.

The

King Richard the second.

The breath of worldly men cannot depose
 The deputy elected by the Lord,
 For every man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest,
 To lift shrewd Steele against our golden crowne,
 God for his R^{oy} hath in heavenly pay,
 A glorious Angel: then if Angels fight,
 Weake men must fall, for heauen still guardes the right.

Enter Salisb.

King Welcome my Lo: how farre off lies your power?

Salisb. Nor neere nor farther off, my gracious Lo:
 Than this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue,
 And bids me speake of nothing but Despaire,
 One day too late, I feare, my noble Lo:
 Hath clouded all thy happy dayes on earth,
 O call backe yesterday, bid Time returne,
 And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men:
 To day, to day, vnhappy day, too late,
 Ouerthrowes thy ioyes, friends, fortune and thy state:
 For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
 Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, disperst, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege, why looks your Grace so pale?

King But now the bloud of twenty thousand men
 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:
 And till so much bloud thither come againe,
 Haue I not reason to looke pale and dead?
 All soules that will be safe, flie from my side,
 For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, remember who you are.

King I had forgot my selfe, Am I not King?
 Awake thou coward, Maiestie thou sleepest,
 Is not the Kings name twentie thousand names?
 Arme, arme, my name a puny subiect strikes
 At thy great glory, looke not to the ground,
 Yee fauourites of a King, are we not high?
 High be our thoughts, I know my vnckle *Torke*
 Hath power enough to serue our turne: but who comes heere?

Enter Scroope.

Scroope More health and happinesse betide my Liege,
 F Then

The Tragedie of

Then can my care tunde tongue deliuer him.

King Mine care is open, and my heart prepar'd,

The worst is worldly losse thou canst vnfold.

Say, is my kingdome lost? why twas my care,

And what losse is it to be rid of care?

Striues Bullingbrooke to be as great as we?

Greater he shall not be if he serue God,

Weele serue him too, and be his fellow so.

Reuolt our subiects? that we cannot mend,

They breake their faith to God as well as vs:

Cry wo, destruction, ruine, and decay,

The worst is death, and death will haue his day.

Scroo. Glad am I, that your highnesse is so armde,

To beare the tidings of calamitie,

Like an vnseasonable stormie day,

Which make the siluer Riuer drowne their shores.

As if the world were all dissolude to teares,

So high aboue his limits swels the rage

Of Bullingbrooke, couering your fearefull land

With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then steele:

White beards haue armde their thinne and hairelesse scalps.

Against thy Maiestie: and boyes with womens voyces

Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioynts

In stiffe vnwildie armes: against thy Crowne,

Thy very beardsmen learne to bend their browes,

Of double fatale wo against thy state.

Yea distaffe women mannage rustie billes:

Against thy seate both yong and old rebell,

And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.

King Too well, too well thou telst a tale so ill.

Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?

What is become of Bushie? where is Greene?

That they haue let the dangerous enemy

Measure our confines with such peacefull steps.

If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it:

I warrant they haue made peace with Bullingbrooke.

Scroo. Peace haue they made with him indeede my Lord.

King Oh villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,

Dogs

King Richard the second.

Dogs easily wonne to fawne on any man.
 Snakes in my heart bloud warmd, that sting my heart;
 Three Iudas'es, each one thrice worse then Iudas,
 Would they make peace? terrible hell
 Make warre vpon their spotted soules for this.

Scro. Sweete loue's (I see) changing his property
 Turnes to the sowrest and most deadly hate.
 Againe vncurse their soules, their peace is made.
 With head, and not with hands, those whom you curse
 Haue felt the worst of deaths destroying wound,
 And lie full low grau'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead?

Scro. Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my father with his power?

King No matter where, of comfort no man speake.
 Lets talke of graues, of wormes, and Epitaphs,
 Make dust our paper, and with rainie eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosome of the earth.
 Lets choose executors and talke of wils:
 And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,
 Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?
 Our lands, our liues, and all are Bullingbrookes,
 And nothing can we call our owne, but death,
 And that small modell of the barren earth,
 Which serues as paste and cover to our bones.
 For Gods sake let vs sit vpon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of Kings,
 How some haue bene deposde, some slaine in war,
 Some haunted by the ghosts they haue deposed,
 Some poysoned by their wiues, some sleeping kild,
 All murdered: for within the hollow Crowne
 That rounds the mortall temples of a King,
 Keepest death his court, and there the antique sits,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pompe,
 Allowing him a breath, a little leane,
 To Monarchise, be feard, and kill with lookes,
 Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,
 As if this flesh which wallies about our life,

The Tragedie of

Were brasse impregnable : and humord thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin,
Bores through his castle walles, and farewell king.
Couer your heades, and mocke not flesh and bloud,
With solemne reuerence throw away respect,
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but mistooke me all this while,
I liue with bread like you, feeble want,
Taste griefe, neede friends: subiected thus,
How can you say to mee I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, wisemen ne're sit and waile their woes,
But presently preuent the waies to waile,
To feare the foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Giues in your weakenesse strength vnto your foe,
And so your follies fight against your selfe:
Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying, payes death seruile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a bodie of a limme.

Ki. Thou chidst me wel, prowd *Bullingbrooke*, I come
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
This agew fit of feare is ouerblowne,
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say *Scroope*, where lies our vncle with his power?
Speake sweetely man, although thy lookes be fower.

Scroope Men iudge by the complexion of the Skie,
The state and inclination of the day,
So may you by my dull and heauie eie:
My tongue hath but a heauier tale to say,
I play the torturer by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken,
Your vncle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your northerne Castles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
Vpon his partie.

King Thou hast said enough:
Bestrew thee coosin which didst leade me forth

King Richard the second.

Of that sweete way I was in to dispaire.
 What say you now? what comfort haue we now?
 By heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,
 That bids me be of comfort any more,
 Go to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
 A King woes slaue shall kingly wo obey:
 That power I haue, discharge, and let them go
 To eare the land that hath some hope to grow:
 For I haue none, let no man speake againe
 To alter this, for counsell is but vaine.

Ann. My Liege one word.

King He does me double wrong,
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue:
 Discharge my followers, let them hence away,
 From Richards night, to Bullingbrookes faire day.

Enter Bull. Yorke, North.

Bul. So that by this intelligence we learne,
 The Welchmen are dispearst, and Salisbury
 Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
 With some few private friends vpon this coast.

North. The newes is very faire and good my Lord,
 Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

Yorke It would beseeme the Lord Northumberland
 To say King Richard, alacke the heauie day,
 When such a sacred King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes: onely to be brieue
 Left I his title out.

Yorke The time hath bin, would you haue bin so brieue with
 He would haue bene so brieue to shorten you, (him,
 For taking so the head, your whole heads length.

But. Mistake not (Vnckle) further then you should.

Yorke Taken not (good Coofin) further then you should,
 Least you mistake the heauens are ouer your heads,

Bull. I know it Vnckle, and oppose not my selfe
 Against their will. But, who comes heere? *Enter Percie.*

Welcome Harry: what, will not this Castle yeeld?

H. Percie The Castle is royally mand my Lord.
 Against thy entrance.

The Tragedie of

Bull. Royally, why it containes no King.

H. Per. Yes (my good Lord)

It doth containe a King, King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone,

And with him the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisburie,

Sir Steephens Scroope, besides a Clergie man

Of holy reuerence, who I cannot learne.

North. Oh belike it is the Bishop of Carleil.

Bull. Noble Lords,

Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Castle,

Through brasen trumpet send the breath of parlee

Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.

H. Bull. on both his knees, doth kisse king Richards hand,

And sends alleageance and true faith of heart

To his royall person: hither come

Euen at his feete, to lay my armes and power:

Prouided, that my banishment repeald,

And lands restored againe be freely graunted,

If not, Ile vse the aduantage of my power,

And lay the summers dust with showres of blood,

Rainde from the woundes of slaughtered Englishmen:

The which, how far off from the mind of Bullingbrooke

It is, such crimson tempest should be drench

The fresh greene lap of faire king Richards land,

My stooping dutie tenderly shall shew.

Go signifie as much, while here we march

Vpon the grassie carpet of this plaine;

Lets march without the noyse of threatning drumme,

That from this Castles tattered battlements,

Our fayre appointments may be well perusde.

Me thinkes king Richard and my selfe should meete

With no lesse terror then the Elements

Of fire and water, when their thundring smoke,

At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of heauen.

Be he the fire, Ile be the yeciding water,

The rage be his, whilst on the earth I raigne

My water's on the earth, and not on him,

March on, and marke king Richard how he lookes.

The

*King Richard the second.**The trumpets sound, Richard appeareth on the walls.*

Bul. See see, king Richard doth himselfe appeare,
 As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
 From out the fiery portall of the East,
 When he perceiues the enuious cloudes are bent
 To dimme his glorie, and to staine the tracke
 Of his bright passage to the Occident.

Yorke Yet lookes he like a king, behold his eye,
 As bright as is the Eagles, lightens forth
 Controlling Maiestie; alacke alacke for woe,
 That any harme should staine so faire a shew.

King We are amazd, and thus long haue we stood,
 To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
 Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull king:
 And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
 To pay their awefull dutie to our presence?
 If we be not, shew vs the hand of God
 That hath dismiss vs from our stewardship;
 For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,
 Vnlesse he doe prophane, steale, or vsurpe:
 And though you thinke that all as you haue done,
 Haue torne their soules, by turning them from vs,
 And we are barren and bereft of friends:
 Yet know, my maister God omnipotent,
 Is mustering in his cloudes on our behalfe,
 Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike
 Your children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
 That lift your vassaile hands against my head,
 And threat the glory of my precious Crowne,
 Tell Bullingbrooke, for yon me thinkes he stands,
 That euery stride he makes vpon my land,
 Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
 The purple testament of bleeding war:
 But ere the crowne he lookes for, hie in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crownes of mothers sonnes,
 Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace,

To

The Tragedie of

To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastors grasse with faithfull English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid: our Lord the King,
Should so with ciuill and vnciuill armes
Be rusht vpon. Thy thrise noble coosin
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kisse thy hand,
And by the honourable tombe he sweares,
That stands vpon your royall grandfires bones,
And by the royalties of both your blouds
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honor of himselfe,
Comprising all that may be sworne or saide,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his lineall royalties, and to begge
Infranchisement immediate on his knees,
Which on thy royall partie granted once,
His glittering armes he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithfull seruice of your Maiestie.
This sweares he, as he is a Prince iust,
And as I am a Gentleman I credit him.

King Northumberland, say thus: the King returns,
His noble coosin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demaundes
Shall be accomplisht without contradiction,
With all the gracious vtterance thou hast,
Speake to his gentle hearing kinde commends.

King. We do debase our selues Coosin, do we not?
To looke so poorely and to speake so faire?
Shall we call backe Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitour, and so die?

Ann. No good my Lord, lets fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpfull swords,

King Oh God, oh God that ere this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man should take it off againe,
With words of sooth! Oh that I were as great,

King Richard the second.

As is my griefe, or lesser then my name!
 Or that I could forget what I haue beene!
 Or not remember what I must be now!
 Swell' st thou (prowde heart) Ile giue thee scope to beate,
 Since foes haue scope to beate both thee and me.

Aun. Northumberland comes backe from Bullingbrook.

King What must the King doe now? must he submit?
 The King shall doe it: must he be deposde?
 The King shall be contented: must he loose
 The name of a King? a Gods name let it goe:
 Ile giue my jewels for a set of Beades:
 My gorgeous Pallace for a hermitage:
 My gay apparell for an almes-mans gowne:
 My figurde goblets for a dish of wood:
 My Scepter for a Palmers walking staffe:
 My subiects for a payre of carued Saints,
 And my large kingdome for a little graue,
 A little little graue, an obscure graue,
 Or ile be buried in the kings hie way,
 Some way of common trade, where subiects feete
 May hourelly trample on their Soueraignes head;
 For on my heart they treade now whilst I liue:
 And buried once, why not vpon my head?
 Aumerle, thou weepst (my tender-hearted coosin)
 Weele make foule weather with despised teares;
 Our sighs and they shall lodge the Summer corne,
 And make a dearth in this revolting land:
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
 And make some pretty match with sheading teares,
 And thus to drop them still vpon one place,
 Till they haue fretted vs a payre of graues
 Within the earth: and therein layde; there lies
 Two kinsemen digd their graues with weeping eyes?
 Would not this ill doe well? well well I see,
 I talke but idly, and you laugh at me.
 Most mighty Prince, my Lord Northumberland,
 What saies king Bullingbrooke, will his Maiestie
 Giue Richard leave to liue till Richard die.

G

You

The Tragedie of

You make a leg, and Bullingbrooke saies I.

North. My Lord, in the base court he doth attend,
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.

King. Downe, downe I come, like glistering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of vnrule lades.

In the base court, base court where Kings growe base,
To come at traitors calls, and do them grace.

In the base court come downe: downe court, downe King,
For night-owles shreake where mounting larkes should sing.

Bull. What saies his maiestie?

North. Sorrow and grieve of hart,
Makes him speake fondly like a frantike man:
Yet he is come.

Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire duety to his Maiestie: *(he kneeles downe.)*
My gracious Lord.

King. Faire coosen, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my hart might feele your loue,
Then my vnpleased eie see your curtesie:
Vp coosen vp, your hart is vp I knowe,
Thus high at least, although your knee be lowe.

Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.

King. Your owne is yours, and I am yours and all.

Bull. So far be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.

King. Well you deserue: they well deserue to haue,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get:
Vncle giue me your handes, nay drie your eies,
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.
Coosen, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be heyre,
What you will haue, ile giue, and willing to:
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe:
Set on towards London, Cosen is it so?

Bull. Yea my good Lord:

King. Then I must not say no.

Quee. What sport shall we deuise here in this garden,

*Enter the
Queene with
her atten-
dants.*

To

King Richard the Second.

To driue away the heauie thought of care?

Lady Madam weele play at bowles.

Queene I will make me thinke the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady Madam weele daunce.

Queene My legs can keepe no measure in delight,
When my poore heart no measure keeps in griefe:
Therefore no dauncing girle, some other sport,

Lady Madam weele tel tales,

Quee. Of sorrow or of griefe?

Lady Of either Madame.

Quee. Of neither girle,

For if of ioy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
Or if of griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more sorrow to my want of ioy:
For what I haue I neede not to repeate,
And what I want it bootes not to complaine.

Lady Madam ile sing.

Quee. Tis well that thou hast cause,
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weepe.

Lady I could weepe Madame, would it do you good.

Quee. And I could sing would weeping do me good?

And neuer borrow any teare of thee,
But stay, here commeth the gardiners,
Lets step into the shadow of these trees, *Enter Gardiners.*
My wretchednesse vnto a row of pines.
They will talke of state, for euerie one doth so,
Against a change woe is fore-runne with woe.

Gard. Go bind thou vp yon dangling Apricocks,
Which like vnrule children make their fire
Stoope with oppression of their prodigall weight:
Giue some supportance to the bending twigs,
Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of two fast growing sprays,
That looke too loftie in our common-wealth:
All must be euen in our gouernement.
You thus imployd, I will go roote away

The Tragedie of

The noysome weedes that without profite sucke
The soiles fertility from wholesome flowers.

Man. Why should we in the compasse of a pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing in a model our firme estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land
Is full of weedes, her fairest flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnpruind, her hedges ruind,
Her knots disordered, and her hole some hearbes
Swarming with caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that hath suffered this disordered spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the fall of leafe:
The weedes that his broade spreading leaues did shelter,
That seemde in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are puld vp, roote and all, by Bullingbrooke:
I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, Bushie, Greene.

Man. What are they dead?

Gard. They are,
And Bullingbrooke hath seized the wastefull King.
Oh what pite it is, that he had not so trimde
And drest his land; as we this garden, at time of yeere
Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruite trees,
Lest being ouer-prowd with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe.
Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might haue liude to beare, and he to taste
Their fruites of dutie: superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.

Man. What, thinke you the king shall be deposed?

Gard. Deprest he is already, and deposed
Tis doubt he will be. Letters came last night
To a deare friend of the Duke of Yorks,
That tell blacke tidings.

Queen Oh! I am prest to death through want of speaking
Thou old Adams likeness set to dresse this garden,

How

King Richard the second.

How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this vnpleasing news?
 What Eue? what serpent hath suggested thee,
 To make a second fall of cursed man?
 Why dost thou say King Richard is deposd?
 Darst thou thou little better thing then earth
 Diuine his downefall? Say, where, when and how
 Camst thou by this ill tidings? speake thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me Madam, little ioy haue I
 To breathe these newes, yet what I say is true:
 King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
 Of Bullingbrooke: their fortunes both are weyde.
 In your Lo. scale is nothing but himselfe,
 And some few vanities that make him light:
 But in the ballance of great Bullingbrooke,
 Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,
 And with that oddes he weighes King Richard downe.
 Post you to London, and you will finde it so,
 I speake no more then euerie one doth know.

Queene Nimble Mischance, that art so light of foote,
 Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
 And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou thinkest
 To serue me last, that I may longest keepe
 Thy sorrow in my brest: come Ladies, go
 To meete at London Londons King in wo.
 What, was I borne to this, that my sad looke,
 Should grace the triumph of great Bullingbrooke?
 Gardner for telling me these newes of woe,
 Pray God the plants thou grafst may neuer grow. *Exit.*

Gard. Poore Queene, so that thy state might be no worse,
 I would my skill were subiect to thy curse:
 Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place
 Ile set a banke of Rew sowe hearbe of grace,
 Rew euen for ruth heere shortly shall be seene,
 In remembrance of a weeping Queene. *Exeunt.*

Bull. Call forth Bagot, *Enter Bagot.*
 Now Bagot, freely speake thy minde,
 What thou dost know of noble Glocesters death,
 Who wrought it with the King, and who performde

The Tragedie of

The bloudie office of his timelesse end.

Bagot Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Bull. Coofin, stand forth, and looke vpon that man.

Bagot My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to vsay what once it hath deliuered:

In that dead time when Glocesters death was plotted,

I heard you say, is not my arme of length,

That reacheth from the restfull English court

As far as Callice to mine Vnckles head?

Amongst much other talke, that verie time

I heard you say, that you had rather refuse

The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,

Then Bullingbrookes returne to England, adding withall,

How blest this land would be in this your Coofins death.

Aum. Princes and noble Lords,

What answer shall I make to this base man?

Shall I so much dishonour my faire stars,

On equall termes to giue him chasticement?

Either I must, or haue mine honour soild

With the attainer of his slaunderous lips:

There is my gage, the manuall scale of death,

That markes thee out for hell: thou liest,

And I will maintaine what thou hast said is false,

In thy heart bloud, though being all too base

To staine the temper of my knightly sword.

Bull. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it vp.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best

In all this presence that hath mooued me so.

Fitz. If that thy valure stand on simparchie,

There is my gage Aumerle, in gage to thine;

By that faire funne that shewes me where thou standst,

I heard thee say, and wantingly thou spakst it,

That thou wert cause of noble Glocesters death:

If thou deniest it twentie times, thou liest,

And I will turne thy falshood to thy heart,

Where it was forged with my rapiers point.

Aum. Thou darst not (coward) liue I to see the day.

Fitz. Now by my soule, I would it were this houre.

Any.

King Richard the second.

Ann. Fitzwaters, thou art damnd to hell for this.

L. Per. Aumerle, thou liest, his honour is as true,
In this appeale, as thou art all vniust,
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To proue it on thee to the extreamest poynt
Of mortall breathing, seize it if thou dar'st.

Ann. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandish more reuengefull Steele
Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.

Another L. I take the earth to the like (forsworne Aumerle,)
And spur thee on with full as many lies,
As it may be hollowed in thy trecherous care
From sinne to sinne: there is my honors pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou dar'st.

Ann. Who sets me else? by heauen Ile throw at all.
I haue a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twentie thousand such as you.

Snr. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The verie time Aumerle and you did talke.

Fitz. Tis very true, your were in presence then,
And you can witnesse with me this is true.

Snr. As false by heauen, as heauen it selfe is true.

Fitz. Surrie thou liest.

Snr. Dishonourable boy, that ly shally so heauie on my sword
That it shall render vengeance and reuenge,
Till thou the lie-giuer, and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy fathers scull.
In prooffe whereof there is mine honors pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse,
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,
I dare meeete Surry in a wildernesse,
And spit vpon him whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction:
As I intend to thriue in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeale.
Besides, I heard the banished Norfolke say,

That

The Tragedie of

That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men,
To execute the noble Duke of *Calice*.

Aum. Some honest christian trust me with a gage,
That No:ffolke lies, heere doe I throwe downe this,
If he may be repeald to trie his honour.

Bull. These differences shall all rest vnder gage;
Till Norffolke be repeald, repeald he shall be,
And though mine enemy, restor'd againe
To all his lands and signiories; when he is return'd,
Against *Aumerle* we will inforce his triall.

Carl. That honorable day shall never be seene
Many a time hath banisht Norffolke fought,
For Iesu Christ in glorious christian field,
Streaming the ensigne of the christian Crosse,
Against blacke Pagans, Turkes and Saracens,
And toild with workes of warre, retir'd himselfe
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gaue
His body to a pleasant countries earth,
And his pure soule vnto his captaine Christ,
Vnder whose colours he had fought so long.

Bull. Why Bishop, is Norffolke dead?

Carl. As sure as I liue, my Lord.

Bul. Sweete peace conduct his sweete soule to the bosome
Of good olde *Abraham*: Lords Appellants,
Your differences shall all rest vnder gage,
Till we assigne you to your dayes of triall.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaster I come to thee,
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing soule
Adopts thee heire, and his high Scepter yeeldes,
To the possession of thy royall hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long liue *Henry* fourth of that name.

Bull. In Gods name, he ascend the regall throne.

Carl. Mary God forbid.
Worst in this royall presence I may speake:
Yet best befeeming me to speake the truth:
Would God any in this noble presence,
Were enough noble to be vpright Iudge

Of

King Richard the second.

Of noble Richard : Then true noblenesse would
 Learne him forbearance from so foule a wrong.
 What subiect can giue sentence on his King?
 And who sits not here that is not Richards subiect?
 Theeues are not iudged, but they are by to heare,
 Although apparant guilt be seene in them:
 And shall the figure of Gods Maiestie,
 His Captaine, steward, deputy, elect,
 Anointed, crowned, planted many yeeres,
 Be iudg'd by subiect and inferior breath,
 And he himselfe not present? Oh forfend it God,
 That in a Christian Climate soules refine
 Should shew so hainous blacke obscene a deed.
 I speake to subiects, and a subiect speakes,
 Strid vp by God thus boldly for his King.
 My Lord of Hereford here whom you call King,
 Is a foule traitour to prowd Herefords King,
 And if you crowne him, let me prophesie,
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,
 And future ages groane for his foule act,
 Peace shall goe sleepe with Turkes and infidels,
 And in this seate of peace, tumultuous wars
 Shall kin with kin, and kinde with kinde confound :
 Disorder, horror, feare and mutiny,
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be cald,
 The field of Golgotha and dead mens skuls.
 Oh if you rayse this house against his house,
 It will the wofullest diuision proue,
 That euer fell vpon this cursed earth :
 Preuent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
 Lest child, childs children crie against you woe.

North. Well haue you argued sir, and for your paynes,
 Of Capitall treason, we arrest you here:
 My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
 To keepe him safely till his day of triall.

Bul. Let it be so, and loe on wednesday next,
 We solemnely proclaime our Coronation,
 Lords be ready all.

*Exeunt.**Abbot.*

H

The Tragedie of

*Manet West.
Carleil, Au-
merle.*

Abbot A wofull Pageant haue we heere beheld.

Carl. The woe's to come, the children yet vnborne
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne.

Aum. You holy Clergy men, is there no plot,
To rid the realme of this pernicious blott?

Abbot Before I freely speake my minde heerein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but also to effect,
What euer I shall happen to deuise:

I see your browes are full of discontent,
Your heart of sorrow, and your eyes of teares:
Come home with me to supper, Ie lay a plot,
Shall shew vs all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Queene
with her at-
tendants.*

Queene This way the King will come, this is the way

To *Julius Casars* ill erected tower,
To whose flint bosome my condemned Lord
Is doomde a prisoner by prowde Bullingbrooke.
Heere let vs rest, if this rebellious earth
Haue any resting for her true Kings *Queene.*

enter Rich.
But soft, but see, or rather, doe not see,
My faire Rose wither: yet looke vp, behold,
That you in pittie may dissolue to dew,
And wash him fresh againe with true loue teares.

Ah thou the modell where olde *Troy* did stand!
Thou mappe of Honour, thou king *Richards* toombe,
And not king *Richard*: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard fauour'd griefe be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an Alehouse guest?

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden, learne good soule,
To thinke our former state a happy dreame,
From which awakt, the trueth of what we are
Shews vs but this: I am sworne (brother sweete)
To grim Necessitie, and he and I
Will keepe a league till death. Hie thee to *France*,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy liues must winne a new worlds crowne,
Which our prophane houres heere haue throwne downe.

Queene

King Richard the second.

Queene What is my *Richard* both in shape and mind
 Transformd and weakned? hath *Bullingbrooke*
 Deposde thine intellect? hath he beene in thy heart?
 The Lyon dying thrusteth forth his pawe,
 And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage,
 To be o're-powerd, and wilt thou Pupill-like
 Take thy correction, mildly kisse the rod,
 And fawne on Rage with base humilitie,
 Which art a Lion and a king of beasts.

King A king of beasts indeede, if aught but beast,
 I had beene still a happy king of men.
 Good (sometime *Queene*) prepare thee hence for *France*,
 Thinke I am dead, and that euen heere thou takest
 As from my death-bed my last liuing leaue.
 In winters tedious nights sitte by the fire
 With good olde folkes, and let them tell thee tales,
 Of woefull ages long agoe betide,
 And ere thou bid good night, to quite their griefe,
 Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
 And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
 For why, the senslesse brandes will sympathy
 The heauy accent of thy mouing tongue,
 And in compassion weepe the fire out,
 And some will mourne in ashes, some cole blacke,
 For the deposing of a rightfull king. *Enter Northumb.*

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is changde,
 You must to *Pomfret*, not vnto the *Tower*:
 And Madam, there is order tane for you,
 With all swift speede you must away to *France*.

King Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithall
 The mounting *Bullingbrooke* ascendes my throne,
 The time shall not be many houres of age
 More then it is, ere foule sinne gathering head
 Shall breake into corruption, thou shalt thinke,
 Though he diuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
 It is too little, helping him to all:
 He shall thinke, that thou which knowst the way
 To plant vnrightfull kings, wilt know againe,

The Tragedie of

Being nere so little vrgd another way,
To plucke him headlong from the vsurped throne.
The loue of wicked men conuerts to feare,
That feare to hate, and hate turnes one or both
To worthy danger and deserued death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end:
Take leaue and part, for you must part forthwith.

King Doubly diuorc'd, (badde men) you violate
A twofold mariage, betwixt my Crowne and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.

Let me vnkisse the oath betwixt thee and me:
And yet not so, for with a kisse t'was made,
Part vs Northumberland, I towards the North,
Where shivering cold and sicknesse pines the clime:
My wife to France, from whence set foorth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like sweete May,
Sent backe like Hollowmas, or shortst of day.

Queene And must we be diuided? must we part?

King I, hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart.

Queene Banish vs both, and send the King with me.

King That were some loue, but little policie.

Queene Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

King So two together weeping make one woe,

Weepe for me in France, I for thee here,

Better farre off then neere be nere the neere:

Goe count thy way with sighes, I mine with groanes.

Queene So longest way shall haue the longest moanes,

King Twise for one step Ile groane, the way being short,

And piece the way out with a heauie heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow lets be briebe,

Since wedding it, there is such length in griefe:

One kisse shall stoppe our mouthes, and doubly part,

Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart:

Queene Giue me mine owne againe, twere no good part,

To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart:

So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,

That I may strue to kill it with a groane,

King We make woe wanton with this fond delay,

Once

King Richard the second.

Once more adew, the rest let sorrow say.

exennt.

Du. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you breake the story
Of our two Coosins comming into London.

Enter Duke
of Yorke and
the Dutchesse

Yorke. Where did I leaue?

Du. At that sad stop my Lord,
Where rude misgouernd handes from windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards head.

Yorke Then (as I sayd) the Duke great Bullingbrooke,
Mounted vpon a hote and fierie steede,
Which his aspiring rider seemde to know,
With slow, but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cride, God saue the Bullingbrooke,
You would haue thought the verie windowes spake:
So many greedie lookes of yong and old,
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage, and that all the wals,
With painted imagery had sayd at once,
Iesu preserue the welcome Bullingbrooke,
Whilst he from the one side to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower then his prowd steeds necke
Bespake them thus, I thanke you countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he passd along.

Du. Alacke poore Richard, where rides he the whilst?

Yorke As in a Theater the eyes of men,
After a wel graced Actor leaues the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen so, or with much more contempt mens eyes
Did scoule on gentle Richard, no man cried, God saue him,
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But dust was throwne vpon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with teares and smiles,
The badges of his griefe and patience,
That had not God for some strong purpose steeld
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him:

H 3

But

The Tragedie of

But heauen hath a hand in these euent,
To whose hie will wee bound our calme contents,
To Bullingbrooke are we sworne subiects now,
Whose state and honour I for ay allow.

Du. Here comes my sonne Aumerle.

Torke Aumerle that was,
But that is lost, for being Richards friend:
And Madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealme to the newe made King.

Du. Welcome my sonne, who are the violets now
That strew the greene lappe of the new come spring.

Aum. Madam I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knowes I had as lief be none as one.

Torke Well, beare you well in this new spring of time,
Least you be cropt before you come to prime.

What newes from Oxford, do these iusts and triumphs hold?

Aum. For aught I know (my Lord) they do.

Torke You will be there I know.

Aum. If God preuent not I purpose so.

Torke What seale is that that hangs without thy bosome?
Yea, lookst thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My Lord, tis nothing.

Torke No matter then who see it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.

Torke Which for some reasons, sir I meane to see,
I feare, I feare.

Du. What should you feare?
Tis nothing but some band that he is entred into
For gay apparrell against the triumph.

Torke Bound to himselfe, what doth hee with a bond
That he is bound to. Wife, thou art a foole,
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

Torke I will be satisfied, let me see it I say:

Torke

King Richard the second.

Yorke Treason, foule treason, villaine, traitor, Haue.

Du. What is the matter my Lord?

Yorke Ho, who is within there? saddle my horse,
God for his mercy! what trechery is here?

Du. Why, what is it my Lord?

Yorke Giue me my bootes I say, saddle my horse,
Now by mine honour, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villaine.

Du. What is the matter?

Yorke Peace foolish woman.

Du. I will not peace, what is the matter Aumerle?

Aum. Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answere.

Du. Thy life answere?

Yorke Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the King.

Du. Strike him Aumerle, poore boy thou art amazd,
Hence villaine, neuer more come in my fight.

Yorke Giue me my bootes I say.

Du. Why Yorke what wilt thou do?

Wilt not thou hide the trespasse of thine owne?

Haue we more sonnes? or are we like to haue?

Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?

And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age?

And robbe mee of a happie mothers name,

Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?

Yorke Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?

A doozen of them here haue tane the sacrament,

And interchangeably set downe their hands,

To kill the King at Oxford.

Du. He shall be none, weele keepe him here,

Then what is that to him?

Yorke Away fond woman, were he twentie times my sonne,
I would appeach him.

Du. Hadst thou groand for him as I haue done,

Thou wouldst be more pittifull:

But now I know thy minde, thou dost suspect

That I haue beene disloyall to thy bed,

And

He plucks it
out of his
bosome and
reades it.

His man en-
ters with
his bootes.

The Tragedie of

And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:
Sweete Yorke, sweete husband be not of that minde,
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like me or any of my kinne,
And yet I loue him.

Yorke Make way vnruely woman.

Exit.

Du. After Aumerle: mount thee vpon his horse,
Spur, post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee,
Ile not be long behind, though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke,
And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,
Till Bullingbrooke haue pardoned thee, away, be gone.

Enter the king
with his nobles

King H. Can no man tell me of my vnthrifue sonne?
Tis full three moneths since I did see him last;
If any plague hang ouer vs tis hee,
I would to God my Lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, mongst the Tauernes there,
For there they say, he daily doth frequent,
With vnrestrained loose companions,
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow lanes,
And beate our watch, and robbe our passengers,
Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honor to support so dissolute a crew.

H. Percie My Lord, some two daies since I saw the Prince,
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

King And what said the gallant?

Percie His answer was, he would to the stewes,
And from the commonest creature plucke a gloue,
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.

King H. As dissolute as desperate, yet through both
I see some sparkles of better hope, which elder yeares
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Au-
merle amazed

Aum. Where is the King? (so wildly.

King H. What meanes our coosin that he stares and looks

Aum. God saue your grace, I do beseech your maiestie,
To haue some conference with your grace alone.

King

King Richard the second.

King Withdrawe your selues, and leave vs heere alone:
What is the matter with our coosin now?

Anm. For ever may my knees growe to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roose within my mouth,
Vnlesse a pardon ere I rise or speake.

King Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how heynous ere it be,
To winne thy after loue, I pardon thee.

Anm. Then giue me leave that I may turne the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

King Haue thy desire.

Yorke My liege beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

King Villaine, Ile make thee safe.

An. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause to feare. *The Duke of*
Yorke Open the doore, secure foole, hardy King, *Yorke knocks*
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face? *at the doore,*
Open the doore, or I wil breake it open. *and cryeth.*

King What is the matter vnle, speake, recouer breath,
Tel vs, how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it?

Yorke Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know,
The treason that my haste forbids me shew.

Anm. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past,
I doe repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Yorke It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe:
I tore it from the traitors bosome (King)
Feare, and not loue, begets his penitence:
Forget to pittie him, lest thy pittie proue
A serpent, that wil sting thee to the heart.

King O heynous, strong, and bolde conspiracy!
O loyall father of a treacherous sonne!
Thou sheere immaculate and siluer Fountaine,
From whence this streame through muddy passages
Hath hald his current, and defilde himselfe:
Thy overflow of good conuerts to bad,
And thy abundant goodnes shall excuse

The Tragedie of

This deadly blot in thy digressing sonne.

Yor. So shall my vertue, be his vices bande,
And he shall spend mine honour, with his shame,
As thrifles sonnes, their scraping Fathers gold:

Mine honour liues when his dishonour dies,
Or my shame life in his dishonour lies:

Thou kilst me in his life giuing him breath,
The traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

Du. What ho, my Liege, for Gods sake let me in.

King H. What shrill voic'd suppliant makes this eger crie?

Du. A woman, and thy aunt (great king) tis I,
Speake with me, pitie me, open the doore,
A beggar begs that neuer begd before.

King Our scene is altred from a serious thing,
And now changde to the Beggar and the King:
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in,
I know she is come to pray for your soule sinne.

Yorke If thou do pardon whosoever pray,
More sinnes for this forgivenes prosper may:
This festred ioynt cut off, the rest rest sound,
This let alone will all the rest confound.

Du. Oh king, beleue not this hard-hearted man:
Loue louing not it selfe, none other can.

Yorke Thou frantike woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor reare?

Du. Sweete Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

King H. Rise vp good aunt.

Du. Not yet I thee beseech.

For euer will I walke vpon my knees,
And neuer see day that the happy sees,
Till thou giue ioy, vntill thou bid me ioy,
By pardoning Rutland my transgressing boy.

Aunt. Vnto my mothers prayers I bend my knee,

Yorke Against them both my true ioynts bended be,
Ill mayst thou thrive if thou graunt any grace.

Du. Pleades he in earnest: looke vpon his face.
His eies do drop no teares, his prayers are in iest,
His words do come from his mouth, ours from our breast,

He

King Richard the second.

He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
 We pray with heart and soule, and all beside:
 His weary ioynts would gladly rise I know,
 Our knees still kneele till to the ground they grow:
 His prayers are full of false hypocrisie,
 Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie:
 Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue
 That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.

King. Good Aunt stand vp.

Du. Nay, do not say, stand vp;
 Say pardon first, and afterwards stand vp,
 And if I were thy nurse thy tongue to teach,
 Pardon should be the first word of thy speeche:
 I neuer longd to heare a word till now,
 Say pardon king, let pitie teach thee how:
 The word is short, but not so short as sweete,
 No word like pardon for kings mouthes so meete.

Yorke. Speake it in French, King say, *Pardonne moy.*

Du. Dost thou teach pardon? pardon to destroy:
 Ah my sowre husband, my hard hearted Lord!
 That sets the word it selfe against the word;
 Speake pardon as tis currant in our land,
 The chopping French we do not vnderstand:
 Thine eie begins to speake, set thy tongue there,
 Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine eare,
 That hearing how our plaints and prayers doe pierce,
 Pitie may moue thee pardon to rehearse.

King H. Good aunt stand vp.

Du. I doe not sue to stand.
 Pardon is all the sute I haue in hand.

King. I pardon him as God shall pardon me.

Du. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee.
 Yet am I sicke for feare, speake it againe,
 Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
 But makes one pardon strong.

King H. I pardon him with all my heart,

Du. A god on earth thou art.

King H. But for our trusty brother in law and the Abbots,

The Tragedie of

With all the rest of that comforted crew,
Destruction strait shall dog them at the heels;
Good vncle, help to order seuerall powers
To Oxford, or where ere these traitours are,
They shall not lue within this world I sweare,
But I will haue them, if I once know where.
Vncle farewell, and cousin adue,
Your mother well hath prayed, and proue you true.

Du. Come my olde sonne, I pray God make thee new.

Exton Didst thou not marke the K. what words he spake?
Haue I no friend wil rid me of this liuing feare?
Was it not so?

Man. These were his very wordes.

Exton Haue I no friend quoth he? he spake it twice,
And vrgde it twice together, did he not?

Man. He did.

Exton And speaking it, he wistly lookt on me,
As who should say, I would thou wert the man,
That would diuorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at *Pomfret*. Come, lets go,
I am the Kings friend, and will rid his foe.

Rich. I haue beene studying how to compare
This prison where I lue, vnto the world:
And for because the world is populous,
And heere is not a creature but my selfe,
I cannot doe it: yet Ile hammer it out:
My braine Ile prooue the female to my soule,
My soule the father, and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts:
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world:
For no thought is contented: the better sort,
As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the word it selfe
Against thy word, as thus: Come little ones, and then againe,
It is as hard to come as for a Cammell
To threed the small posterne of a small needles eye:
Thoughts tending to ambition they doe plot

Vn.

Exeunt.

Manet Sir
Pierce Exton
&c.

Enter Ri-
chard alone.

King Richard the second.

Vnlikely wonders: how these vaine weake mayles
 May teare a passage thorow the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles:
 And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,
 That they are not the first of fortunes slaues,
 Nor shall not be the last, like feely beggars,
 Who sitting in the stockes, refuge their shame,
 That many haue, and others must sit there.
 And in this thought they finde a kinde of ease,
 Bearing their owne misfortunes on the backe
 Of such as haue before indurde the like.
 Thus play I in one prison many people,
 And none contented; sometimes am I a King,
 Then treasons make me with my selfe a beggar,
 And so I am: then crushing penurie
 Perswades me I was better when a King,
 Then am I a king againe, and by and by,
 Thinke that I am vnkingde by Bullingbrooke,
 And strait am nothing. But what ere I be,
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 With nothing shall be pleasde, till he be easde,
 With being nothing. Musicke do I heare, *the musicke plaies,*
 Ha ha, keepe time, how sowre sweete musicke is,
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept;
 So is it in the musicke of mens liues:
 And here haue I the daintinesse of care
 To checke time broke in disordered string:
 But for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an care to heare my true time broke,
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me:
 For now hath time made his numbring clocke;
 My thoughts are minutes, and with sighes they iarre,
 Their watches on vnto mine eyes the outward watch
 Whereto my finger like a dialles poynt
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.
 Now sir, the sound that tells what houre it is,
 Are clamorous groanes, which strike vpon my heart,
 Which is the bell: so sighes, and teares, and groanes,

The Tragedie of

Shew minutes, times, and houres : but my time
Runnes posting on in Bullingbrookes prowd ioy,
While I stand fooling heere his iacke of the clocke,
This musicke maddes me, let it sound no more,
For though it haue holpe mad men to their wits,
In me it seemes it will make wise men mad:
Yet blessing on his heart that giues it me,
For 'tis a signe of loue : and loue to Richard,
Is a strange brooch in this al-hating world.

*Enter a Groome
of the stable.*

Groome. Haile royall Prince.

Rich. Thanks noble peere:
The cheapest of vs is ten groats too deare,
What art thou, and how comest thou hither,
Where no man neuer comes but that sad dog,
That brings me food to make misfortune huer.

Groome. I was a poore groomme of thy stable King,
When thou wert King : who traueiling towards Yorke,
With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leaue,
To looke vpon my sometimes royall masters face:
Oh how it ernd my heart, when I beheld
In London streetes that Coronation day,
When Bullingbrooke rode on Roane Barbarie,
That horse, that thou so often hast bestride,
That horse, that I so carefully haue drest.

Rich. Rode he on Barbarie, tell me gentle friend,
How went he vnder him?

Groome. So prowdly, as if he disdainde the ground.

Rich. So prowd that Bullingbrooke was on his backe:
That Iade hath eate bread from my royall hand;
This hand hath made him prowd with clapping him:
Would he not stumble? would he not fall downe?
Since pride must haue a fall, and breake the necke
Of that prowd man, that did vsurpe his backe?
Forgiuenes horse, why doe I rayle on thee?
Since thou created to be awde by man,
Wast borne to beare, I was not made a horse,
And yet I beare a burthen like an asse,
Spurde, galld, and tyrde by iauncing Bullingbrooke.

Keeper. Fellow giue place, here is no longer stay.

Rich.

King Richard the second.

Rich. If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.

Groome What my tongue dares not, that my heart shal say. *Enter one to*

Keeper My Lord, wilt please you to fall to?

Richard with
meat.

Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keeper My Lord I dare not, sir Pierce of Exton,
Who lately came from the King, commands the contrary.

Rich. The diuell take Henry of Lancaster, and thee,
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

Exit groome.

Keeper Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Rich. How now, what meanes Death in this rude assault?
Villaine thy owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument,
Goe thou and fill another roome in hell.

The murderers
rush in.

Rich. That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person: Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the kings blood stained the kings owne land,
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is vp on hie,
Whilst my grosse flesh sinkes downward here to die.

Here Exton
strikes him down.

Exton As full of valure, as of royall blood:
Both haue I spild, Oh would the deed were good!
For now the diuell that told me I did well,
Saies that this deed is chronicled in hell:
This dead king to the liuing king ile beare,
Take hence the rest, and giue them buriall here.

King Kind vnckle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is, that the rebels haue consumed with fire
Our towne of Ciceter in Gloucestershire:
But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not:
Welcome my Lord, what is the newes?

Enter Bulling-
brooke with the
Duke of Yorke.

North. First to thy sacred state with I all happinesse,
The next newes is, I haue to London sent,
The heads of Oxford, Salisburie, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discoursed in this paper here.

Enter Nor-
thumberland.

King We thanke thee gentle Percie for thy paynes,
And to thy worth will adde right worthie gaines.

Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,
The heads of Broccas, and sir Benet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitours,
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow,

Enter Lorde
Fitzwaters.

King.

The Tragedie of

King Thy paines Fitz: shall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit well I wot.

Enter Henry
Percie.

Percie The grand conspirator Abbot of *Wellesminster*,
With clogge of conscience and sowre melancholie,
Hath yeilded vp his body to the graue:
But here is *Carleil* liuing, to abide
Thy kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

King *Carleil*, this is your doome,
Chuse out some secret place, some reuerend roome
More then thou hast, and with it ioy thy life,
So as thou liu'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast euer beene,
High sparkes of honour in thee haue I seene.

Enter Exton
with the coffin.

Exton Great King, within this coffin I present
Thy buried feare: heerein all breathlesse lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

King *Exton*, I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deede of slaughter with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton From your owne mouth, my Lo: did I this deede.

King They loue not poison that do poison neede,
Nor doe I thee, though I did with him dead,
I hate the murtherer, loue him murdered:
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely fauour:
With *Caine* goe wander through the shade of night,
And neuer shew thy head by day nor light.

Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come mourne with me, for what I doe lament,
And put on fullen blacke incontinent:
Ile make a voyage to the Holy land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after, grace my mournings heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

F.F.N.T.S.

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